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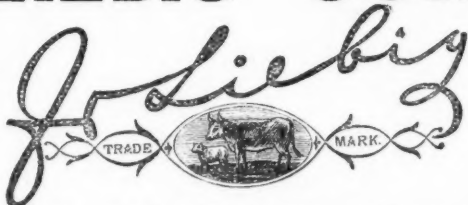
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"I must, however, run the risk, inasmuch as by so doing I shall put myself in a position to make an acknowledgment which I ought to have made long since. My distinguished and warm-hearted friend Lord Brougham (who, I may here say, had on more than one occasion furnished me with some interesting Replies), speaking to me of the great value and utility of this Journal, was pleased to add that 'that value and utility were increased tenfold by its capital Indexes.' Lord Brougham was right; and if the critic in the *Saturday Review* who declared of 'that little farrago of learning, oddities, absurdities, and shrewdnesses, NOTES AND QUERIES,' that it was perhaps the only weekly newspaper that would be 'consulted three hundred years hence,' should also prove to be right, I do not hesitate to declare my belief that these Indexes will have greatly contributed to that success.

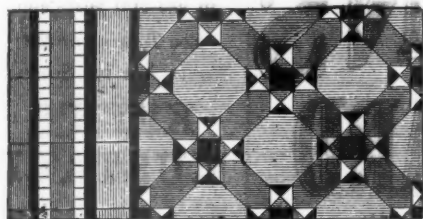
"What a pleasant retribution it is for one who has for years been so mercilessly quizzed and jeered for his exposure of pretended Centenarians to think that he should be credited with the merit of having called into existence a *something* that shall be continuing its useful existence some three centuries hence!

"But let that pass. I have on more than one occasion expressed my sense of how much these Indexes owed to the care, intelligence, and experience of their original compiler, the late Mr. James Yeowell, as these now owe to his successor in this important department. I have not, however, in any of these Prefaces acknowledged as I ought to have done that their existence is due to the suggestion of another highly esteemed old friend, one of the earliest contributors to 'N. & Q.,' Mr. William Bernard MacCabe, the learned author of 'A Catholic History of England.' It was he who, when some few volumes had appeared, urged upon me the advantage of taking stock of the information recorded in them by the publication of a General Index, and the advisability of doing so at stated intervals. The suggestion was one so full of common sense that I did not hesitate to adopt it. I am pleased to avail myself of the opportunity which is thus afforded me of doing justice to my old friend. Readers who share my regret at not seeing his name so frequently as they were wont in these pages may feel assured that it is from no diminished attachment to NOTES AND QUERIES, but from the fact that he is, like the original Editor, conscious of increasing years, but, unlike him, careful not to trespass too much on the good nature of the Public."

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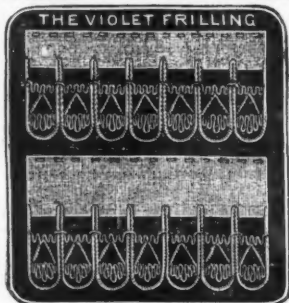
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SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1880.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DUKE'S CHILDREN.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LXVI.—THE THREE ATTACKS.

DURING the following week the communications between Harrington and Matching were very frequent. There were no further direct messages between Tregear and Lady Mary, but she heard daily of his progress. The duke was conscious of the special interest which existed in his house as to the condition of the young man, but, after his arrival, not a word was spoken for some days between him and his daughter on the subject. Then Gerald went back to his college, and the duke made his preparations for going up to town and making some attempt at parliamentary activity.

It was by no concert that an attack was made upon him from three quarters at once as he was preparing to leave Matching. On the Sunday morning during church time, for on that day Lady Mary went to her devotions alone—Mrs. Finn was closeted for an hour with the duke in his study. "I think you ought to be aware," she said to the duke, "that though I trust Mary implicitly and know her to be thoroughly high principled, I cannot be responsible for her if I remain with her here."

"I do not quite follow your meaning."

"Of course there is but one matter on which there can, probably, be any difference between us. If she should choose to write to Mr. Tregear, or to send him a message, or even to go to him, I could not prevent it."

"Go to him!" exclaimed the horrified duke.

"I merely suggest such a thing in order

to make you understand that I have absolutely no control over her."

"What control have I?"

"Nay; I cannot define that. You are her father, and she acknowledges your authority. She regards me as a friend, and as such treats me with the sweetest affection. Nothing can be more gratifying than her manner to me personally."

"It ought to be so."

"She has thoroughly won my heart. But still I know that if there were a difference between us she would not obey me. Why should she?"

"Because you hold my deputed authority."

"Oh, Duke, that goes for very little anywhere. No one can depute authority. It comes too much from personal accidents, and too little from reason or law, to be handed over to others. Besides, I fear that on one matter concerning her you and I are not agreed."

"I shall be sorry if it be so."

"I feel that I am bound to tell you my opinion."

"Oh, yes."

"You think that in the end Lady Mary will allow herself to be separated from Mr. Tregear. I think that in the end they will become man and wife."

This seemed to the duke to be not quite so bad as it might have been. Any speculation as to results were very different from an expressed opinion as to propriety. Were he to tell the truth as to his own mind, he might perhaps have said the same thing. But one is not to relax in one's endeavours to prevent that which is wrong, because one fears that the wrong may be ultimately perpetrated. "Let that be as it may," he said, "it cannot alter my duty."

"Nor mine, Duke, if I may presume to think that I have a duty in this matter."

"That you should encounter the burden of the duty binds me to you for ever."

"If it be that they will certainly be married one day——"

"Who has said that? Who has admitted that?"

"If it be so—if it seems to me that it must be so, then how can I be anxious to prolong her sufferings? She does suffer terribly." Upon this the duke frowned, but there was more of tenderness in his frown than in the hard smile which he had hitherto worn. "I do not know whether you see it all." He well remembered all that he had seen when he and Mary were travelling together. "I see it; and I do not pass half an hour with her without sorrowing for her." On hearing this he sighed and turned his face away. "Girls are so different! There are many who, though they be genuinely in love, though their natures are sweet and affectionate, are not strong enough to support their own feelings in resistance to the will of those who have authority over them." Had it been so with his wife? At this moment all the former history passed through his mind. "They yield to that which seems to be inevitable, and allow themselves to be fashioned by the purposes of others. It is well for them often that they are so plastic. Whether it would be better for her that she should be so I will not say."

"It would be better," said the duke doggedly.

"But such is not her nature. She is as determined as ever."

"I may be determined too."

"But if at last it will be of no use—if it be her fate either to be married to this man or die of a broken heart——"

"What justifies you in saying that? How can you torture me by such a threat?"

"If I think so, Duke, I am justified. Of late I have been with her daily—almost hourly. I do not say that this will kill her now—in her youth. It is not often, I fancy, that women die after that fashion. But a broken heart may bring the sufferer to the grave after a lapse of many years. How will it be with you if she should live like a ghost beside you for the next twenty years, and you should then see her die, faded and withered before her time—all her life gone without a joy—because she had loved a man whose position in life was displeasing to you? Would the ground

on which the sacrifice had been made then justify itself to you? In thus performing your duty to your order, would you feel satisfied that you had performed that to your child?"

She had come there determined to say it all—to liberate her own soul as it were—but had much doubted the spirit in which the duke would listen to her. That he would listen to her she was sure—and then if he chose to cast her out, she would endure his wrath. It would not be to her now as it had been when he accused her of treachery. But, nevertheless, bold as she was and independent, he had imbued her, as he did all those around him, with so strong a sense of his personal dignity, that when she had finished she almost trembled as she looked in his face. Since he had asked her how she could justify to herself the threats which she was using he had sat still with his eyes fixed upon her. Now, when she had done, he was in no hurry to speak. He rose slowly, and walking towards the fireplace, stood with his back towards her, looking down upon the fire. She was the first to speak again.

"Shall I leave you now?" she said in a low voice.

"Perhaps it will be better," he answered. His voice, too, was very low. In truth he was so moved that he hardly knew how to speak at all. Then she rose and was already on her way to the door when he followed her. "One moment, if you please," he said almost sternly. "I am under a debt of gratitude to you of which I cannot express my sense in words. How far I may agree with you, and where I may disagree, I will not attempt to point out to you now."

"Oh, no."

"But all that you have troubled yourself to think and to feel in this matter, and all that true friendship has compelled you to say to me, shall be written down in the tablets of my memory."

"Duke!"

"My child has at any rate been fortunate in securing the friendship of such a friend."

Then he turned back to the fireplace, and she was constrained to leave the room without another word.

She had determined to make the best plea in her power for Mary; and while she was making the plea had been almost surprised by her own vehemence; but the greater had been her vehemence, the stronger, she thought, would have been the duke's anger. And as she had watched the

workings of his face she had felt for a moment that the vials of his wrath were about to be poured out upon her. Even when she left the room she almost believed that had he not taken those moments for consideration at the fireplace his parting words would have been different. But, as it was, there could be no question now of her departure. No power was left to her of separating herself from Lady Mary. Though the duke had not as yet acknowledged himself to be conquered, there was no doubt to her now but that he would be conquered. And she, either here or in London, must be the girl's nearest friend up to the day when she should be given over to Mr. Tregear.

That was one of the three attacks which were made upon the duke before he went up to his parliamentary duties.

The second was as follows: Among the letters on the following morning one was brought to him from Tregear. It is hoped that the reader will remember the lover's former letter and the very unsatisfactory answer which had been sent to it. Nothing could have been colder, less propitious, or more inveterately hostile than the reply. As he lay in bed with his broken bones at Harrington he had ample time for thinking over all this. He knew every word of the duke's distressing note by heart, and had often lashed himself to rage as he had repeated it. But he could effect nothing by showing his anger. He must go on and still do something. Since the writing of that letter he had done something. He had got his seat in Parliament. And he had secured the interest of his friend Silverbridge. This had been partially done at Polwenning; but the accident in the Brake country had completed the work. The brother had at last declared himself in his friend's favour. "Of course I should be glad to see it," he had said while sitting by Tregear's bedside. "The worst is that everything does seem to go against the poor governor."

Then Tregear made up his mind that he would write another letter. Personally he was not in the best condition for doing this, as he was lying in bed with his left arm tied up, and with straps and bandages all round his body. But he could sit up in bed, and his right hand and arm were free. So he declared to Lady Chiltern his purpose of writing a letter. She tried to dissuade him gently and offered to be his secretary. But when he assured her that no secretary could write this letter for him

she understood pretty well what would be the subject of the letter. With considerable difficulty Tregear wrote his letter.

"MY LORD DUKE,"—(On this occasion he left out the epithet which he had before used)—"Your grace's reply to my last letter was not encouraging, but in spite of your prohibition I venture to write to you again. If I had the slightest reason for thinking that your daughter was estranged from me, I would not persecute either you or her. But if it be true that she is as devoted to me as I am to her, can I be wrong in pleading my cause? Is it not evident to you that she is made of such stuff that she will not be controlled in her choice, even by your will? I have had an accident in the hunting-field and am now writing from Lord Chiltern's house, where I am confined to bed. But I think you will understand me when I say that even in this helpless condition I feel myself constrained to do something. Of course I ask for nothing from you on my own behalf, but on her behalf may I not add my prayers to hers?—I have the honour to be, your grace's very faithful servant,

"FRANCIS TREGEAR."

This coming alone would perhaps have had no effect. The duke had desired the young man not to address him again; and the young man had disobeyed him. No mere courtesy would now have constrained him to send any reply to this further letter. But coming as it did while his heart was still throbbing with the effects of Mrs. Finn's words, it was allowed to have a certain force. The argument used was a true argument. His girl was devoted to the man who sought her hand. Mrs. Finn had told him that sooner or later he must yield, unless he was prepared to see his child wither and fade at his side. He had once thought that he would be prepared even for that. He had endeavoured to strengthen his own will by arguing with himself that when he saw a duty plainly before him, he should cleave to that let the results be what they might. But that picture of her face withered and wan after twenty years of sorrowing had had its effect upon his heart. He even made excuses within his own breast in the young man's favour. He was in Parliament now, and what may not be done for a young man in Parliament? Altogether the young man appeared to him in a light different from that through which he had viewed the presumptuous, arrogant, utterly unjustifiable suitor who

had come to him, now nearly a year since, in Carlton Terrace.

He went in to breakfast with Tregear's letter in his pocket, and was then gracious to Mrs. Finn, and tender to his daughter. "When do you go, papa?" Mary asked.

"I shall take the 11.45 train. I have ordered the carriage at a quarter before eleven."

"May I go to the train with you, papa?"

"Certainly; I shall be delighted."

"Papa!" Mary said as soon as she found herself seated beside her father in the carriage.

"My dear."

"Oh, papa!" and she threw herself on to his breast. He put his arm round her and kissed her, as he would have had so much delight in doing, as he would have done so often before, had there not been this ground of discord. She was very sweet to him. It had never seemed to him that she had disgraced herself by loving Tregear; but that a great misfortune had fallen upon her. Silverbridge, when he had gone into a racing partnership with Tifto, and Gerald when he had played for money which he did not possess, had degraded themselves in his estimation. He would not have used such a word; but it was his feeling. They were less noble, less pure than they might have been, had they kept themselves free from such stain. But this girl—whether she should live and fade by his side, or whether she should give her hand to some fitting noble suitor—or even though she might at last become the wife of this man who loved her, would always have been pure. It was sweet to him to have something to caress. Now in the solitude of his life, as years were coming on him, he felt how necessary it was that he should have someone who would love him. Since his wife had left him he had been debarred from these caresses by the necessity of showing his antagonism to her dearest wishes. It had been his duty to be stern. In all his words to his daughter he had been governed by a conviction that he never ought to allow the duty of separating her from her lover to be absent from his mind. He was not prepared to acknowledge that that duty had ceased; but yet there had crept over him a feeling that as he was half conquered, why should he not seek some recompense in his daughter's love. "Papa," she said, "you do not hate me?"

"Hate you, my darling?"

"Because I am disobedient. Oh, papa,

I cannot help it. He should not have come. He should not have been let to come." He had not a word to say to her. He could not as yet bring himself to tell her that it should be as she desired. Much less could he now argue with her as to the impossibility of such a marriage as he had done on former occasions when the matter had been discussed. He could only press his arm tightly round her waist, and be silent. "It cannot be altered now, papa. Look at me. Tell me that you love me."

"Have you doubted my love?"

"No, papa, but I would do anything to make you happy; anything that I could do. Papa, you do not want me to marry Lord Poplecourt?"

"I would not have you marry any man without loving him."

"I never can love anybody else. That is what I wanted you to know, papa."

To this he made no reply, nor was there anything else said upon the subject before the carriage drove up to the railway-station. "Do not get out, dear," he said, seeing that her eyes had been filled with tears. "It is not worth while. God bless you, my child. You will be up in London I hope in a fortnight, and we must try to make the house a little less dull for you."

And so he had encountered the third attack.

Lady Mary, as she was driven home, recovered her spirits wonderfully. Not a word had fallen from her father which she could use hereafter as a refuge from her embarrassments. He had made her no promise. He had assented to nothing. But there had been something in his manner, in his gait, in his eye, in the pressure of his arm, which made her feel that her troubles would soon be at an end.

"I do love you so much," she said to Mrs. Finn late on that afternoon.

"I am glad of that, dear."

"I shall always love you, because you have been on my side all through."

"No, Mary; that is not so."

"I know it is so. Of course you have to be wise because you are older. And papa would not have you here with me if you were not wise. But I know you are on my side, and papa knows it, too. And someone else shall know it some day."

CHAPTER LXVII. "HE IS SUCH A BEAST."

LORD SILVERBRIDGE remained hunting in the Brake country till a few days before the meeting of Parliament, and had he

been left to himself he would have had another week in the country, and might probably have overstayed the opening day; but he had not been left to himself. In the last week in January an important despatch reached his hands from no less important a person than Sir Timothy Beeswax, suggesting to him that he should undertake the duty of seconding the address in the House of Commons. When the proposition first reached him it made his hair stand on end. He had never yet risen to his feet in the House. He had spoken at those election meetings in Cornwall, and had found it easy enough. After the first or second time he had thought it good fun. But he knew that standing up in the House of Commons would be different from that. Then there would be the dress! "I should so hate to fig myself out and look like a guy," he said to Tregear, to whom, of course, he confided the offer that was made to him. Tregear was very anxious that he should accept it. "A man should never refuse anything of that kind which comes in his way," Tregear said.

"It is only because I am the governor's son," Silverbridge pleaded.

"Partly so, perhaps. But if it be altogether so, what of that? Take the goods the gods provide you. Of course all these things which our ambition covets are easier to duke's sons than to others. But not on that account should a duke's son refuse them. A man when he sees a rung vacant on the ladder should always put his foot there."

"I'll tell you what," said Silverbridge. "If I thought this were all fair sailing I'd do it. I shall feel certain that I should come a cropper, but still I'd try it. As you say, a fellow should try. But it's all meant as a blow at the governor. Old Beeswax thinks that if he can get me up to swear that he and his crew are real first-chop hands, that will hit the governor hard. It's as much as saying to the governor, 'This chap belongs to me, not to you.' That's a thing I won't go in for."

Then Tregear counselled him to write to his father for advice, and at the same time to ask Sir Timothy to allow him a day or two for consideration. This counsel he took. His letter reached his father two days before he left Matching. In answer to it came first a telegram begging Silverbridge to be in London on the Monday, and then a letter in which the duke expressed himself as being anxious to see

his son before giving a final answer to the question. Thus it was that Silverbridge had been taken away from his hunting.

Isabel Boncassen, however, was now in London, and from her it was possible that he might find consolation. He had written to her soon after reaching Harrington, telling her that he had had it all out with the governor. "There is a good deal that I can only tell you when I see you," he said. Then he assured her with many lover's protestations that he was, and always would be till death, altogether her own loving S. To this he had received an answer by return of post. She would be delighted to see him up in town, as would her father and mother. They had now got a comfortable house in Brook Street. And then she signed herself his sincere friend, Isabel. Silverbridge thought that it was cold, and remembered certain scraps in another feminine handwriting in which more passion was expressed. Perhaps this was the way with American young ladies when they were in love.

"Yes," said the duke, "I am glad that you have come up at once, as Sir Timothy should have his answer without further delay."

"But what shall I say?"

The duke, though he had already considered the matter very seriously, nevertheless took a few minutes to consider it again. "The offer" said he, "must be acknowledged as very flattering."

"But the circumstances are not usual."

"It cannot often be the case that a minister should ask the son of his keenest political opponent to render him such a service. But, however, we will put that aside."

"Not quite, sir."

"For the present we will put that on one side. Not looking at the party which you may be called upon to support, having for the moment no regard to this or that line in politics, there is no opening to the real duties of parliamentary life which I would sooner see accorded to you than this."

"But if I were to break down?" Talking to his father he could not quite venture to ask what might happen if he were to "come a cropper."

"None but the brave deserve the fair," said the duke, slapping his hands upon the table. "Why, if 'We fail we fail! But screw your courage to the sticking place, And we'll not fail.' What high point would ever be reached if caution

such as that were allowed to prevail? What young men have done before cannot you do? I have no doubt of your capacity. None."

"Haven't you, sir?" said Silverbridge, considerably gratified—and also surprised.

"None in the least. But, perhaps, some of your diligence."

"I could learn it by heart, sir—if you mean that."

"But I don't mean that; or rather I mean much more than that. You have first to realise in your mind the thing to be said, and then the words in which you should say it, before you come to learning by heart."

"Some of them I suppose would tell me what to say."

"No doubt with your inexperience it would be unfit that you should be left entirely to yourself. But I would wish you to know—perhaps I should say to feel—that the sentiments to be expressed by you were just."

"I should have to praise Sir Timothy."

"Not that, necessarily. But you would have to advocate that course in Parliament which Sir Timothy and his friends have taken and propose to take."

"But I hate him like poison."

"There need be no personal feeling in the matter. I remember that when I moved the address in your House Mr. Mildmay was Prime Minister—a man for whom my regard and esteem were unbounded—who had been, in political matters, the preceptor of my youth, whom as a patriotic statesman I almost worshipped, whom I now remember as a man whose departure from the arena of politics left the country very destitute. No one has sprung up since like to him—or hardly second to him. But in speaking on so large a subject as the policy of a party, I thought it beneath me to eulogise a man. The same policy reversed may keep you silent respecting Sir Timothy."

"I needn't of course say what I think about him."

"I suppose you do agree with Sir Timothy as to his general policy? On no other condition can you undertake such a duty."

"Of course I have voted with him."

"So I have observed, not so regularly perhaps as Mr. Roby would have desired." Mr. Roby was the Conservative whip.

"And I suppose the people at Silverbridge expect me to support him."

"I hardly know how that may be. They used to be contented with my poor

services. No doubt they feel they have changed for the better."

"You shouldn't say that, sir."

"I am bound to suppose that they think so, because when the matter was left in their own hands they at once elected a Conservative. You need not fear that you will offend them by seconding the address. They will probably feel proud to see their young member brought forward on such an occasion; as I shall be proud to see my son."

"You would if it were on the other side, sir."

"Yes, Silverbridge, yes; I should be very proud if it were on the other side. But there is a useful old adage which bids us not cry for spilt milk. You have a right to your opinions, though perhaps I may think that in adopting what I must call new opinions you were a little precipitate. We cannot act together in politics. But not the less on that account do I wish to see you take an active and useful part on that side to which you have attached yourself." As he said this he rose from his seat and spoke with emphasis, as though he were addressing some imaginary Speaker or a house of legislators around. "I shall be proud to hear you second the address. If you do it as gracefully and as fitly as I am sure you may if you will give yourself the trouble, I shall hear you do it with infinite satisfaction, even though I shall feel at the same time anxious to answer all your arguments and to disprove all your assertions. I should be listening no doubt to my opponent; but I should be proud to feel that I was listening to my son. My advice to you is to do as Sir Timothy has asked you."

"He is such a beast, sir," said Silverbridge.

"Pray do not speak in that way on matters so serious."

"I do not think you quite understand it, sir."

"Perhaps not. Can you enlighten me?"

"I believe he has done this only to annoy you."

The duke, who had again seated himself, and was leaning back in his chair, raised himself up, placed his hands on the table before him, and looked his son hard in the face. The idea which Silverbridge had just expressed had certainly occurred to himself. He remembered well all the circumstances of the time when he and Sir Timothy Beeswax had been members of the same government; and he remembered

how animosities had grown, and how treacherous he had thought the man. From the moment in which he had read the minister's letter to the young member, he had felt that the offer had too probably come from a desire to make the political separation between himself and his son complete. But he had thought that in counselling his son he was bound to ignore such a feeling; and it certainly had not occurred to him that Silverbridge would be as astute enough to perceive the same thing.

"What makes you fancy that?" said the duke, striving to conceal by his manner, but not altogether successful in concealing, the gratification which he certainly felt.

"Well, sir, I am not sure that I can explain it. Of course it is putting you in a different boat from me."

"You have already chosen your boat."

"Perhaps he thinks I may get out again. I dislike the skipper so much, that I am not sure that I shall not."

"Oh, Silverbridge—that is such a fault! So much is included in that which is unstatesmanlike, unpatriotic, almost dishonest! Do you mean to say that you would be this or that in politics according to your personal liking for an individual?"

"When you can't trust the leader you can't believe very firmly in the followers," said Silverbridge doggedly. "I won't say, sir, what I may do. Though I daresay that what I think is not of much account, I do think a good deal about it."

"I am glad of that."

"And as I think it not at all improbable that I may go back again, if you don't mind it I will refuse."

Of course after that the duke had no further arguments to use in favour of Sir Timothy's proposition.

Queen Elizabeth; shown by a Lord Stafford, as matter, in the opinion of that courtier, supremely interesting, even all those three hundred years ago, to that lady's imperious and royal eyes. Ah!"

It was thrown in, this expletive, or so it seemed, to entice the listener to comment; but before there was time to speak, Parisina resumed, graceful and insinuating as before, but with the evident determination to say every word she had to say, the grace, the allurements, the insinuation, were resumed.

"A vellum roll," she proceeded, "compiled by King Richard the Second's Chief Maister Cook. A vellum roll, prepared by assent and avisement of King Richard the Second's Masters of Physic and Philosophy; on purpose to teach, craftily and wholesomely, how to make common potages and meats for households, of that monarch's old and far-gone time. Do you understand?"

Certainly. That vellum roll could be quite well imagined. It could be thought of as crabbed, cramped, crooked; as mouldered and smouldered away entirely, in the course of the five centuries that had elapsed by now, since the king's cook had pounced it, and ruled it, and otherwise had it under cookish thumb and finger. Let Parisina be thoroughly assured.

Parisina was thoroughly assured. Her satisfaction, indeed, was splendid; her smoothness magnificent.

"It was a vellum roll," she made known, beaming and triumphant, "showing what English people fed upon in the time of Wicliffe, Chaucer, Gower, the Burgesses of Calais, the Fair Maid of Kent. It was a vellum roll, containing the first record made (as far as is known) of what the early English of any sort had for eating; of how the early English cooked. And it represented far back, and far back, of very truth. For Richard the Second was that bold young boy-king who faced Wat Tyler and Jack Straw at Smithfield; who saw William Walworth, Lord Mayor, strike Wat Tyler down; who rallied the insurrectionists then to come to him, against whom they were arrayed in insurrection; and who saw them all, captivated by his brave young daring, abandon their insurrectionising, and accept his terms of peace. Now, thinking of home-life and kitchen-life in such days, would it not be excellent if the cooking done in those homes and kitchens, and put down in this vellum roll, could be even slightly known?"

LEARNING TO COOK.

A LESSON ROYAL, PER FAVOUR OF RICHARD THE SECOND.

PARISINA slid into presence, in her most insinuating style.

"A vellum roll," she commenced, using her most airy grace of manner, "written in 1390. A vellum roll, preserved carefully through Henries the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth; through Edwards the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth; through Richard the Third; through Mary. A vellum roll, shown, after the two centuries those reigns consumed, to

Of course. There could be no doubt of it. But as there were no means of getting at the vellum roll, since the vellum roll, it was sure, had perished; and since there were no means, consequently, of knowing what Wicliffe would have been likely to have fed upon, down in his cure at Lutterworth—was there much use in dwelling on what could only lead to tantalisation?

"A-a-ah! A-a-ah!"

Parisina's intense enjoyment took this bland form of long and stretched-out expression. And Parisina let fall her eyelids, and gently shook her head.

"Good," was her cry next, after much relish in this relish. "Good."

"For it happens," she continued, "that the roll of Richard the Second's Maister Cook is not destroyed; that the five centuries it has existed, in white and black and Gothic character, have not brought smoulder, or decay, or any appreciable obliteration. In the stead of this, in 1750 or thereabout, some MSS., long in the family of the Earl of Oxford, were arranged to be sold. Some of these MSS. were bought by a Mr. West; in a few years some of the MSS. were sold to a Mr. Gustavus Brander; in a few years some of these MSS. were looked at by Samuel Pegge the antiquary; in a few moments one of these MSS. was found, to Pegge's tremor of joy and triumph, to be this old cook-roll, *The Forme of Cury*; in a few moments more Mr. Gustavus Brander had given Pegge leave to lay the roll before the public; it was printed, and I have made a study of every word of it, and here my notes are!"

An explanation, this, that changed the aspect of matters certainly. Parisina's topic had unexpected value. She was asked to sit.

"I shall not give you any cookery farther back than this," she said, when she had settled herself comfortably; "because there is no English cookery extant earlier, which makes a finish of it, and is a very good reason too. There is a contemporary manuscript," she added, cooling down to business, "which I shall weave in with King Richard's; but that is all. Unless, indeed, there could be a raking together of historic scraps. And scraps, you know"—with a sparkle—"are not the materials we have found most suitable for dishes of appetising sort.

"So now," the lady began, "to the roll and to what the roller says. He was a judicious man," and her fingers were busy amidst her sheets of paper; and she was

herself judicious in thrusting a pin in and out of them to keep them in numerical order; "he knew life was not made up of banquets and company entertainments, and he begins, simply, with beans. For to make *gronden benes*, is his own heading; and you shall have it, except in the spelling and a modernised word or two, in his own real form."

That was what was desired. And the matter stood there, authentic; and resting on nothing but what it had intrinsically. "Take beans and dry them in a kiln, or in an oven," said the king's cook; "and hull them, and winnow out the husks, and wash them clean, and put them to seethe in good broth, and eat them with bacon." It was cookery for the poor, the beans and bacon of the nineteenth century cottage, familiar by now, right enough. So was for to make *drawen benes*; mixed with broth and onions and coloured with saffron for beautification. Then there were turnips, and parsnips, and skirrets; each one in soup, called by the king's cook, potage. For rapes in potage, he says, take rapies (turnips), and wash them clean; square them (cut them into square pieces), parboil them, cut them up, cast them in a good broth, and seethe them; mince onions, cast thereto saffron and salt, and mess it (send it to table) with powder douce. For to make *cowtes of flesh*, and for to make rice of flesh, are two more of his every-day recipes, to be procured cheaply. Take rice, he says in the last, and wash him clean; put it into an earthen pot with good broth, and let it seethe well; afterwards take almond milk, put it thereto, colour it with saffron, and mess it forth. For *cowtes of flesh* he wants a great many herbs, as many as ten. Take borage, he says, colewort, *langue-de-bœuf*, parsley, beet, orach, avens, violet, savory, fennel; when they are sodden, press them very small, cast them in good broth, seethe them, and so mess (or serve) them.

Another dish, small in price and straightforward in construction, was pigs in sage sauce. Take scalded pig, were the king's cook's instructions, quarter it, seethe it in water and salt, take it out, and let it cook. For the sage sauce (good ancestor of the sage and onions associated with pork now) a fourteenth-century housewife was to take parsley, sage, bread, and hard-boiled yolks of eggs. She was to temper these with vinegar (after chopping and crumbling, it may be supposed, though the cooking master must have had a lapse of memory here, for he omits to say so), and then she was

to lay the pig in a vessel, to put the sauce onward, and to serve. Mackerel in sauce, too, is another dish unexpectedly near to what might be seen on a dinner-table to day. Take mackerel, were the orders for it, and smite them in pieces, cast them in water and onions, seethe them with mint and other herbs, then colour it all green or yellow, and send it up. So of stewed pigeons. Take pigeons, it is quietly said by this cook of King Richard the Second's own kitchen, just as if he did not belong to the times of deposed kings, and usurpers, and murders at the throne, and stuff the pigeons with peeled garlick and herbs shred small, then put all in an earthen pot, with good broth, white grease (lard?), powder-fort, verjuice, and salt. In cooking fungus—in modern English, fungus, mushroom, it is the same. Take fungus, the recipe runs, or the nym runs—"nym," in Saxon-English having always stood for receive, or set together, till the Latin-English "recipe" superseded it—skin the fungus, cut them in dice, take leeks, shred them small, and seethe all in good broth, then colour it with saffron, and put thereon powder-fort.

Parisina was impatient here to insert one of her self-imposed enlightenments. "It is of powder-fort and powder-douce," she said. "There is an explanation given of them in Pegge's volume of this old *Forme of Cury*. They ought to be set down, I will say on my own account, as *poudre-forte* and *poudre-douce*, if our good maister cook had only kept to the little French that was in him, and not chopped it up always, in a cooking manner, for stirring in with his King's English; and they were spices—I will say on Pegge's account—or zests, kept in the distillery-room or still-room, ready ground and compounded for use. *Poudre-forte* was a hot or piquant mixture; *poudre-douce* was sweet."

Then Parisina left her little musing or reflection, and gave in the stead of it diligent application to the maister cook's materials. There was gruel of almonds. Take almonds blanched, said the good instructor, bray it with oatmeal, draw them up with water (let them take up as much water as they can), then cast upon it saffron and salt. There were soles in bruet (but this from the MS. contemporary with the king's cook's). Flay the soles, said the writer, wash them, roast them upon a gridiron. To make the bruet, take ground pepper, saffron,

and ale, boil it well, put the soles in a platter, and pour the bruet above. There were sops doree, spelt sowpys dorry, but recognisable as the first set down words, when a few nym's experience and previous hits had brought better comprehension. Onions were wanted for these, which were to be minced small, and fried in wine and almond-milk and oil; then white bread was to be toasted and put into dishes, and the mixture, already hot, poured over. There was lobster, from the same manuscript, and this item copied, just as it stood, by Parisina, to show the style. It was: "To make a lopister. He schal be roasted in his scalys in a ovyne other by the feer under a panne, and etyn with vineger." It was, modernising it (as all the other formes have been modernised): Let it be roasted in its shell in an oven, or else on the hearth among the fire, under a pan; and let it be eaten with vinegar. There was for to make fruturs. Fruturs, as Parisina pointed out, being found to mean fritters, thereby clearing up a matter that wanted clearing up in the 1478 coronation banquet. For these fritters there was to be a batter made; it was to be of flour, eggs, saffron, and ground pepper, then apples were to be pared, and cut the size of "broad-pennies," these were to be cast into the batter, the whole was to be fried in fresh grease, and so "served forth."

"And how would it have done for John of Gaunt to have been treated with such a dish?" said Parisina, to stop the too straight reading and to moralise. "These apple-fritters, for all that they had no sugar in them, but were peppered, must have been what we call now a "sweet"; and John of Gaunt knew sweetmeats from the better side and the ugly side both. Or I can tell you of another nice-sounding little matter—to wit, tartys in applis, otherwise, I suppose, apple-tart. For it there were to be good apples, and pears, and spices, and figs and raisins. These were to be brayed together well; they were to be coloured with saffron, then put into a dish, called at that period a coffin, and thoroughly baked. And how nice to think of King Richard, or to think of his wife Queen Anne, giving orders to this chief maister cook of theirs to prepare sick dainties for 'uncle.' The chief would have had no difficulty on the score of "hands," that is certain; and this you will agree to readily when I tell you the number he had under him. They counted up to as

many as three hundred. Historians are quite certain of it. They have the contemporary testimony of John Hardyng, chronicler and versifier. Says this John Hardyng in his own verse—and, you see, he was always with the people who knew, and who could tell him what they knew :

"Truly I herd Robert Ireliffe say
(Clerke of the greencloth) that the household
Came every day for most part alway
To ten thousand folk, by his messes told,
That followed the house, all as they would.
And in the kechin three hundred servitours,
And in each office many occupiers.

Says John Hardyng, also, going on with his enumeration :

"And ladies faire with their gentilwomen,
Chamberers also, and laundereres.

Yeomen and grooms, in cloth of silk arrayed,
Satin and damask, in doublets and gowns,
In cloth of green and scarlet.

And think of the lopisters, the soles, the beans, and sops, and potages, and flesh, required for such an unwieldy city-full !"

It was a suggestive picture, undoubtedly ; quite deserving the pause Parisina gave, that it might not be hurried out of admiration.

Then there was sawse madame. It was a puzzle, as some dishes had been before, in its very title, for it was roast goose. Take sage, were the directions for it, parsley, hyssop, savory, garlick, quinces, pears, and grapes ; fill the goose with them ; sew up the hole that no grease come out, and roast it well ; keep the grease that falleth thereof (the first definite allusion, this, found anywhere to dripping), and put it with galantine in a possynet. When the goose is roasted enough, take and smite it in pieces ; put all in a possynet with wine, powder of galingale, powder-douce, and salt ; boil the sauce ; dress the goose in dishes, and lay the sauce onward. There was rosée ; prettiness itself, for surely it should be translated "dew." To make it the king's cook orders thick milk with sugar, a good portion of pines, minced dates, ginger, cinnamon, rice flour, and the flour of white roses. Boil these, he says, cool them, salt them, and serve. And if thou wilt, he adds at the foot, in stede of almande mylke, take swete cremes of kyne. There was, also, douce ame. Take good cow's milk, this ran ; take parsley, sage, hyssop, savory, and other good herbs ; hew them ; put them in the milk, and boil in a pot ; then take capons half roasted ; smite them in pieces ; put thereto pine and honey clarified ; salt it, colour it with saffron, and serve. There

were two admirable notes ; evidently to clear up some point of fourteenth-century dispute, to be set at rest by the king's cook for ever. Nota, the first of these was, the loin of the pork is from the hip-bone to the head. Nota, was the second, the fylet are two, that are taken out of the pestels.

An opportunity for banter, this seemed, too assailable for Parisina to resist. Parisina, however, had a little piece of history for elucidation, and she let the other matter go.

"Nota," she said, with only that much of allusion to it, "I wonder which of these foods it was or how many of these foods it was, that made Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, grow fat ? She was the Princess of Wales, you know ; the Black Prince's widow, the mother of the king. She was that royal lady who was made to kiss, or be kissed by, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and their fellow-rebels at Blackheath ; and did she get her corpulency out of sops dorée, rosée, douce ame, and sauce madame ? They sound tempting !

"Again," she continued, "when this princess's prince was still her gallant and loving husband, and she was with him in France (for our King Richard, their son, was born during one of these visits, remember, at Bordeaux), her husband took the French king, John, prisoner ; and when he was brought to his pavilion to submit to him, he gave him wine and some of these spices we have been learning about with his own royal hand. In the evening his knightly hospitality led him also to entertain his prisoner at supper ; and led him again to serve him as his karver and sewer, as if he were his own high estate (as Wynkyn de Worde puts it), refusing all entreaties to be seated, and to taste any of the good things himself. Now we cannot tell what were the dishes sent up to this pavilion-banquet, we cannot hear the Black Prince say to King John kindly, as Froissart says he said : 'Dear sir, do not make a poor meal ; it is true the Almighty has not gratified your wishes,' and so on ; yet, by means of this cook-roll, we have a great many cookings placed close before us, and we can take our choice."

Proceeding to do this out of the still unexhausted memoranda, there was one nym that seemed peculiarly likely. Par fait Ypocras, its title ran—par fait being the chief cook's version of pour faire. It was in French (in similar

French) throughout; it had been tasted and approved of, most probably, in one of these French excursions, and set down as it was learnt, for thorough recollection. "Treys onces de canell," it began, "spykenard de spagn le pays d'un denier;" three ounces of cinnamon, a denier's weight of Spanish spikenard; then—to say it no more as written—of ginger, galingale, cloves, gylofre, long pepper, nutmegs, marjoram, cardamom, paradise seeds, a quarter of an ounce of each (de chescun un quart donce) all to be powdered together. It is no wine, as can be seen; hippocrass, therefore, was a mixture to be put into any wine, to make it still more savoury. There was also, in the way of solids, for to make a froys. Take veal and seethe it well, was the cook's method for this; and probably his froys was, later on, written fraise, since fraise de veau meant a calf's chaldron. Hack it small, he said, then grind bread, pepper, and saffron; put them thereto, fry it, press it well upon a board, and dress it forth. Also there was, for to make longe-de-bœuff; longe being properly langue, and the sturdiness of the chief cook's English tongue being in it palpably. Take the tongue of the ox, he wrote down on his roll, scald it, scrape it well, and boil it. Take a broche (a larding-needle), and lard it well with lardons (small slices of bacon), cloves, and gelofr—the same with gylofre, and both being girofle, a clove of another kind. Then roast it, and while it roasteth baste it with yolks of eggs. Once more. There was a "nym" for lozenges. Put good broth into an earthen pot was the way for it. Take crumbled bread and make a paste of it with water, roll it as thin as paper, dry it hard, then boil in broth. After take grated cheese and lay it in dishes with powder-douce; on it lay the lozenge (i.e., thin paper bread, this wafer, or macaroni, so to speak), laying it as whole as thou canst; then above that lay cheese and powder-douce, then again the lozenge, then again the cheese and powder, and so twice or thrice more, and it may be served. There was Wynkyn de Worde's green sauce, verde sawse, as the chief cook wrote it, a century before De Worde was born, and when the French name was still on it, as imported. For verde sawse, says the chief cook, take parsley, mint, garlic, wild thyme, sage, cinnamon, ginger, wine, bread, vinegar, salt, and saffron, grind it all together, and mess it forth; one dish for which it was to be "messed" being sodden

calf, to be eaten, it may be remembered, after a priest had blessed it, on Easter Sunday. There was also Wynkyn de Worde's sauce gamelyn, the sauce he desires shall be served with egret, crane, and heron. Take currants for it, says the king's cook, take kernels of nuts, crusts of bread, powdered ginger, cloves, cinnamon, bray it well together, temper it with vinegar, and it is ready. There was a salad. Take parsley, says the cook, sage, garlic, chibols, leek, borage, mint, porrette, fennel, cresses, rue, rosemary, purslain. Wash them, pick them, pluck them small with thine hand, mix them with raw oil; lastly lay on vinegar and salt.

"And now," said Parisina, entirely in her own manner, "these directions were written in 1390, as we by this time may very well remember. How, then, do you account for Hume saying, vol. ii, chap. 33, that salads were not produced in England till the end of the reign of Henry the Eighth, say 1540? and that Queen Catherine, when she was in a mind for one, had to send for it to Holland?"

It was not to be accounted for without the deep enquiry such a question merited, and for this enquiry there was no occasion, since Parisina had been through the labour and had her answer compact and glib.

"It was because Hume made a mistake," she said, "or else because the word salat must have got twisted round to mean something else in that century and a half. Look at lozenges as an instance of a name being retained and not a fact. Look at apple-tart; look at blomanger—spelt by Chaucer blankmanger. It was of rice pickled, washed, boiled in good almond-milk, and left to cool; and it was so far of modern blancmange-like sort enough. But then the lyres (the livers?) of hens or capons were to be taken, and were to be ground, and cast in with white grease, and to be boiled, and put with blanched almonds and saffron; and all these were to be set into a dish, and to be served forth. In which the dish had gone astray far enough, and it just shows my meaning."

Parisina was drawing to a close now. What few culinary facts she had to illustrate her century she gave, but she gave them briefly. Some were to show how little things had altered in five hundred years. Of these was the certainty that bakers carried bread in baskets about the streets in Richard the Second's time, just as they do now, for Walter Roman, the Lord Treasurer's servant, stole a horse-loaf

out of a baker's basket as he passed by, and caused such commotion in the City it ended in the Mayor being taken prisoner to Windsor Castle, and only being liberated on a grant to the king of ten thousand pounds. Of these also was the certainty that there were women selling oysters and men delivering beer; for the king, the chief cook's master, says of his deposer, Bolingbroke, crowned Henry the Fourth:

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench,
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well.

Some facts, on the other hand, were to show how vastly and how happily things have changed. For instance, there was a belief then that the Earl of Arundel's head, struck off on Tower Hill, had grown again to his body, and the chief maister cook's master, the king, to see (and to be confuted), had the poor corpse taken from its grave. For instance again, the people believed that all their children born to them would have only twenty-eight teeth, whereas before the sickness, a few years earlier, everybody had thirty-two. The people believed, too, that fiery lights set the skies in a blaze, and that all the bay-trees in the kingdom withered, to grow green again on a certain day—a legend that Shakespeare knew, for he makes the Welsh captain say:

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n.

Beyond doubt, also, the French were landing, and burning Plymouth, Portsmouth, Dartmouth, Rye, Hastings, Gravesend; the king was giving jousts at Smithfield, attended by thirty-four ladies of honour from the Tower, mounted on palfreys, and leading knights by chains of gold. Horses and dogs had to be turned into food, too; and, it was said, even thieves were eating other thieves in prison; there was such famine by these burnings, there was such waste by these lavish jousts and other games.

"And think," cried Parisina, in conclusion, "think that the king, whose chief cook wrote out our cook-roll, the king, whose chief cook described him as the best and royallest vyand—i.e., gourmand—of all else kings, should have lived to have died, at Pomfret, of cruel hunger! He was served there, so the talk of the time went, with costly meat like a king; as we have seen that costly meat was served to kings. He was taken, with ceremonies, to the table, the covers were lifted, the food carved, and then—all the dishes were removed untouched! He was led to the

table to be treated in this wicked Tantalus fashion that last day when his soul rose, and there came the encounter with the mocking grooms and servitors that left him stretched upon the ground, dead. Alas! Well might he be made to say, when looking at himself in a glass:

"Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men!

And well may we think, when looking upon his face ourselves—for it is in Westminster Abbey, remember; the earliest portrait of an English king extant—well may we think of the time when his poor majesty's chief maister cook wrote out this cook-roll, and of the early cooking lesson it has just afforded us!"

TO MY WIFE.

A VALENTINE.

BEAUTIFUL day, oh, beautiful day!
There's not a cloud on the rim of Heaven,
Except to the westward, far away,
Three little islands, rent and riven,
Three little isles of fleecy white
Bathing themselves in the rosy light.
And the wind blows balmy from the South
As it had kissed the Summer's mouth,
And told to all, the heartless rover,
How sweet, how gracious was his lover.

Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful day!
Bright as our bonnie English May;
Yet lacking something—hard to tell—
I know not what—but feel it well,
Present, although ineffable.
Is it that here condemned to roam,
I sigh for the colder skies of home?
Perhaps; yet I am grateful still
For the privilege to breathe at will
This buxom and rejoicing air
That bathes the bright world everywhere;
To see the palms and orange growing,
And nature all her boons bestowing.

Ah, no! not all! 'tis fair to see;
Yet something fails; what can it be
That I, not difficult to please
In the beauty of the grass and trees,
Have found a void, ye lovely hours,
In the fair splendour of the bowers?

Unsatisfied! unsatisfied!
I miss the white amid the green;
I miss the flowers—the daisies pied,
And cowslips peering up between;
I miss the song of the twinkling lark—
Soaring, soaring, and singing ever,
From the dawning till the dark,
The song unborn of an endeavour,
But gushing from his happy voice
As freely as from morning sun,
The light that bids the world rejoice
In the new gladness begun.

All these I miss this pleasant day;
All these and something more divine—
Thy smile, dear Nelly, far away,
Thy hand, sweetheart, to clasp in mine;
The voice oft heard from lips of thine,
That breathes the words 'tis joy to hear
Even in remembrance. Wanting these
I bless the skies so balmy clear,
The health and gladness on the breeze;
But miss my joy beyond the sea,
And pine for England and for thee.

A SUN-PICTURE.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS. PART I.

"H'M!—an uncommonly nice little girl. Wonder who she is. By Jove! lively sort of place to live in!"

These remarks coursed gently through the brain—for no one that I ever heard of soliloquises out of print—of a young gentleman leaning on a garden wall.

Neither the face nor the figure of the thinker suggested the habit of speculative thought.

The forehead was broad, not high; the nose rather prominent and narrow than broad and cogitative; the eye bright and indolent rather than thoughtful and dreamy; the mouth—well, the mouth left one in doubt, for it was heavily moustached; while the chin, relieved from heaviness by the clear chiselling of its parts, spoke to the physiognomist unutterable things. The figure, broad-chested, narrow-hipped, powerful yet lithe, hinted at action rather than repose; while just then the attitude was almost listless in its abandonment.

For the rest, the outer man was of tweed and cut of the latest date, while a book was thrust under one arm, and a cloud of pale blue smoke from a meerschaum pipe rose gently in the warm September air.

The above speculations were therefore not born of the inner consciousness, but prompted by a concrete object, and by an object, it would seem, on the other side of the garden wall.

A large square enclosure it was with fine old trees, knotted and gnarled, their branches entangled, growing as they listed; the daisies flourishing in the grass, the moss and lichen robbing the old red-brick walls of their ruddy colour. That was what he saw. Chickens clucked and pecked on the winding paths—paths that had got picturesquely mixed up with the grass, so that one could scarcely say where one began and the other ended. The box-trees, as if angry at their long restraint, now stretched boisterously across the beds, crushing the low-lying marigold and snap-dragon at their roots. High up waved the little yellow flower of the straggling sow-thistle nodding to the great globe-thistle beneath. There was the rare blood-red lobelia up against the little lilac phlox. Hard-by the purple clematis clung to a broken trellis, while the stately golden sunflowers lifted their warm hearts to the sun.

In the tangle of this forsaken garden stood a slender little maid.

Hatless, jacketless, flounceless, was she; the little black frock was torn and skimpy, the shoes worn and shabby. Her appearance altogether was as neglected as her surroundings. The afternoon sun, beginning to throw long shadows on the grass, set the little red head in a glow of light, lit up the warm whiteness of the throat, the rosy, smiling parted lips, the smooth round cheeks, the lurking greenness in her deep-set eyes. A slender dimpled wrist, and a hand, long, firm, and tapering, were stretched up among the sun-flowers. The golden cup bent to the eager fingers. She handled it lovingly; then suddenly freakishly bowing to the sun-flowers, placed the great flower reversed cap-wise on her head.

She was as unconsciously artless as a figure from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Raising her shabby frock on either side, she again bowed solemnly, this time to an imaginary partner, and proceeded to execute a grave little improvised dance. She moved to and fro, softly humming to herself, until she suddenly, and for the first time, caught sight of a stranger leaning on the wall.

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed the girl, the sunflower cap falling off her head as she rushed off, darting one fiery glance at the intruder.

It is curious how even our best efforts fail in their fulfilment. Our facetious attempts often invite small scorn, while our most righteous wrath is successful only in producing mirth.

In the present instance, for example, the young gentleman appeared in no wise disconcerted, but, on the other hand, seemed to watch with some interest the pathway that had swallowed up the fair dancer.

Later on the maid-of-all-work, who had been induced by her little mistress to take her place in feeding the chickens, declared she saw some one jump over the wall as she came out into the garden.

"But there, miss," she remarked, "there's no keeping out them boys."

Little Nona Newnham was an orphan, and the eldest of six.

Mrs. Newnham had passed the first seventeen years of existence in that placid uneventful fashion usual to small minds. She had been roused to astonishment, perhaps for the first time, when the Rev. Mr. Newnham intimated a desire for her neutral-tinted companionship as a not inharmonious accompaniment in a vale of tears. It had been a source of unparalleled joy to the bride that she had been proposed to and married before her three elder, and

withal handsomer, sisters were unplucked, so to speak, from their virgin stalk.

But, alas ! the uninterrupted contemplation of this triumph had paled during the course of years, and left Mrs. Newnham joyless as heretofore. For time, who heals our sorrows, deadens even a joy like this.

One sister ere long had died, another had gone to Australia. The third made a much better match than herself, and kept—the fact, indeed, was alluded to more in sorrow than in anger, implying something of a loss in moral elevation—her own carriage.

When the Rev. Mr. Newnham died at the early age of thirty-six, and dissolved partnership, his survivor found herself compelled to face the situation, and make the best of the diminutive fortune and large family that had been spared to her. And a conscientious mother in her way she became. She sold all the furniture she did not require; and being offered, at a nominal rent, an old farm-house that had long been uninhabited, she established herself therein to the unbounded delight of the children.

The battered old place lay at no great distance from the old home, so there yet remained one or two elderly consolations compatible with her fortune and her weeds. One of these was a bi-annual tea-drinking with the new vicar. Another a seat in church facing a box-shaped tablet with two feet, whereon was chronicled and set forth the many virtues and consequent regrets of the late vicar and his parishioners.

The elder boys were sent away to school. The girls tumbled up rather than were brought up in any strict sense of the word.

Mrs. Newnham, indeed, had the neatest little plans for “keeping up” Nona’s studies, and bringing what little uncertain history and French that yet remained to her to bear on her unthankful progeny. But the human mind is various and the calls of duty manifold; while Mrs. Newnham was ascertaining that the maid-of-all-work was unimpeachable as regards butter, and the butcher above suspicion in the matter of fore-quarters, the minds of the little Newnhams waxed—as new-made wine-bottles—sound yet empty.

But as Nona grew up her mental vacuum was not such as excludes all knowledge of its ignorance. The conviction of her unlearnedness was on the high-road to mitigating her offence; she devoured and inwardly digested every scrap of print that came in her way, from Jeremy Taylor to the local newspaper. Before she was

fifteen she almost knew by heart the few books that shabbiness had spared for the moral and mental improvement of the Newnham household.

Nona had in truth obeyed Bacon’s injunction, “read much not many things,” when a most toward event occurred for her.

The old vicar had died, and the new vicar had come to reign in his stead.

Now the new vicar was young and unmarried—propitious circumstances that caused an unwonted flutter in the neighbourhood. In due time he came with his sister to call on Mrs. Newnham.

The lady was affable and rustling, and with the help of a gold eye-glass discovered she was charmed with everything.

“Quite a delightful place, real old-fashioned; just the place for an artist, so tumbledown—that is, I mean, so picturesque,” she added, perceiving it was of the dubious order of compliment.

The next object of interest turned out to be the unsuspecting Nona.

“My dear child, you ought to be painted. Now the Grosvenor Gallery would take your head, it’s just the style; it wouldn’t suit the Academy,” said Miss Gibbins, rocking herself to and fro, and half-shutting her eyes. “Beautiful hair, quite the Botticelli tint.”

“They call me ‘carrots’ in the village,” said Nona simply, in wide-eyed wonderment at these fashionable ecstasies.

For it is not yet beautiful in the country to have red hair.

“Never mind, little one; you must come and see us,” said the vicar, stroking the ruddy mane in question.

So Nona, in due time, went.

By-and-by, seeing her great desire to learn, Mr. Gibbins had offered to teach her German, Euclid, and other accomplishments; and as Miss Newnham grew apace, and developed a graceful figure, and a tuneful voice, he would fain have taught her that which was not in her mind to give.

PART II.

THE day following the garden escapade being Sunday, Nona robed herself in a clean cotton frock, tied her little poke-bonnet under her chin, and arming herself with her mother’s large Church Service and the charge of three small sisters, set off to the parish church.

The bells had ceased ringing as she entered. In fact, the congregation had already risen, and in the droning voice of Mr. Gibbins the wicked man was turning away from his sin.

Mrs. Newnham could not afford to rent a sitting, but in courtesy the seats in front of the vicarage pew were allotted to the widow lady.

As Nona hurried up the aisle, driving the straggling children with what decorum she might, she perceived among the one or two youths whom the vicar was generally coaching, a strange and withal not ill-favoured man. She had not time to remember if she had ever seen him before, for the children had by this time reasserted their rights. One ingenious one had got her hat hanging off the back of her head, another wanted her place found, while the third was perched on the pinnacle of a high hassock, and had dropped her hymn-book into a neighbouring pew.

After these little difficulties were adjusted there was comparative peace.

The hymn before the sermon was given out, and the congregation were on their feet, when Nona heard a low deferential voice behind her say:

"Allow me——," and a book was placed in her hesitating hand. Where was the hymn? It looked more the shape of a Bible. The leaf was turned down at one corner, and Nona read the words:

"And when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask."

Oh, horror! how her cheeks were burning! It must be that disgusting man who had been looking over the wall the day before. What a rude thing to do—and how foolish it made her feel!

Mr. Gibbins had got to the seventh clause of his sermon before Nona could give anything like respectful attention to the exhortation.

"Oh, how wicked I am," she told herself; and she rearranged her thoughts to listen. But perhaps novelty of treatment was not the most striking point in the vicar's intricate discourses.

"Shall I give it back scornfully; shall I give it back sweetly, innocently, as if I had not seen its intent; or would it be more dignified to pretend to have forgotten it, and not give it back at all?" kept running through her mind.

The Bible still lay open there. . . . "Danced before them, and pleased Herod."

No, she would sweep out of the church, and never look near such an impudent wretch.

The blessing was pronounced, and Nona prayed on her knees in the most fervent

way in the world. Then she stood up. The sun was shining through the windows, the people were moving down the aisle, and exchanging greetings outside the porch.

"I wonder what he's like," was bred of these inspiriting surroundings, and Nona, casting all her dignified resolution to the winds, turned her little poke-bonnet, and brought her wondering eyes and parted lips within range of the vicar's pew.

She met the far-away gaze of a handsome but apparently listless and melancholy young man; and the little girl left the church thinking, with Mr. Tulliver, that it's a very puzzling world.

"Who was he, what was he, where did he come from, and what, pray, was he doing?" These and other like enquiries kept dancing through her brain all day.

In the evening the vicar's pew contained only its usual cargo of boys and Miss Cynthia, so that Mr. Gibbins's upliftings gained Nona's ear at last.

"Remember, Nona dear, I expect you to dinner to-morrow," cried Miss Gibbins when, the service concluded, they found themselves outside. "Theophilus would be in despair if you couldn't come. Make yourself lovely, dear."

Of course she remembered. Had it not been her one excitement during the last week, this prospect of dining out? Even to be purred over and adored by Mr. Theophilus was better than darning stockings at home, with the usual economic wailings with which her mother beguiled the evenings when the children were gone to bed. Besides, her white muslin had been washed and ironed, and she had bought three-quarters of a yard of white ribbon for her waist. Then, too, there were rude, melancholy strangers who might be there, and were curious in themselves. Of course Nona would come.

The evening came at last. Nona found an unusual number of guests at the vicarage.

"You look charming, Nona dear," said Miss Gibbins, coming forward. "Where did you get that idea of ivy from—real ivy, too—in your hair; it looks capital?"

She was the most warm-hearted creature with anyone not as well dressed as herself.

"I've given you a charming partner for dinner, Nona," whispered the hostess. Lightly beckoning to a gentleman deep in an armchair, and tête-à-tête with something in black and gold, she murmured: "Mr. Courtney, will you take Miss Newnham in?"

Nona saw the hero of the garden wall and Bible before her, bowing gravely.

She attempted a bow, blushed furiously, while her eyes sought refuge in that retreat for the distressed—the carpet. When she at last found courage to look up, Mr. Courtney was bending over Miss Gibbins—perhaps fastening her bracelet.

"You live in this part of the world?" presently enquired Mr. Courtney, with an air of Miss Dartle asking for information.

They were seated at dinner. The interval between soup and fish elicited this remark:

"Oh, you know I—that is—yes," said Nona, floundering, and more puzzled than ever. She was about to say, "You know I do," but reflected that this would be forward.

"Quiet sort of place. Anything ever happen down here?" asked the laconic gentleman, gazing at Nona with an intentness not suggested in his remarks.

"Happen?" answered the girl, wishing to defend her native place. "Oh, lots of things happen; there's the harvest-home, and the mothers' meetings, and, at Christmas, there's a school-treat, a Christmas-tree, and a dance afterwards here at the Vicarage. But, perhaps" (this a little regretfully; for is not even a laconic and incomprehensible man a godsend in a place where a lank parson and three odd boys represent the sterner sex?), "perhaps you won't be here at Christmas?" and she looked up at him with her pretty, frank, direct gaze.

Something in his look made her drop her eyes shyly for the second time in her life.

"Two days ago I didn't mean to stay long," he replied; "but I think now I shall have to be here at Christmas."

She felt he was still looking in the same strange fashion, a way that the vicar, with his year of amorous philanderings, had not yet compassed.

"You have altered your mind very quickly," said Nona sharply. "I suppose you've weighty reasons."

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Courtney in a far-away tone. "How could I miss the mothers' meetings?"

Nona felt herself aggrieved. She was being made fun of as a country bumpkin, she told herself; so she turned away loftily, and addressed a little remark to her right-hand neighbour.

This was an old gentleman who gobbled in eating, and whose stock piece in the conversational line was an attack of sciatica of ten years back. But even complaints have their limits—by the time Nona had been enlightened as to the

fallacy of treating with morphia instead of galvanism, she became aware that the something in black and gold was on Mr. Courtney's other hand, and that the interrupted tête-à-tête was now flourishing amazingly.

"The dinner will be soon over, all over," thought the little girl. "Oh, if I could only make him look this way."

Then a bright idea occurred to her. Why couldn't she say something clever, to show him she was not to be laughed at. There was a slight pause. Nona peeped round; yes, the enemy was occupied with an ice-cream.

"Do you believe in the Darwin theory?" said the little girl in a casual way, in an air of asking for the salt.

She was successful; he turned round. But pray why did he smile?

"Did the back of my head suggest the question?" asked Mr. Courtney with a fund of merriment in his eyes.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Miss Newnham, a little pouting.

"Nor do I," returned the other. "By Jove, it's getting a serious thing. Darwin mixed up with mothers' meetings; it'll never do. I had hoped," he continued mournfully, "but it illustrates the vanity of human wishes, that the higher education was confined to London and the universities. But," said Mr. Courtney, coming as he usually did from the cold abstract to the personal, "I thought that sort of woman wore blue spectacles and bad boots—now a pretty girl like you—"

"Oh, but I like reading; why shouldn't I?" said Nona, interrupting the compliment; "Miss Gibbins has all the lovely books from town, and, oh, it gives a kind of new life, doesn't it, reading all those great thoughts?"

"Well, I'm afraid I don't read them," said the gentleman, thinking what an odd mixture this little girl was, and then an amusing reminiscence seemed to cross his mind.

"But you do care for a few frivolous things—dancing and these things?" he asked, indicating the flowers in front of them in a hesitating sort of way. "At least, I thought you might, as the people seem to down here. Quite a curious custom is kept up, I assure you—evidently a remnant of the old sun-worship. They dance and courtsey to the sun, while they chant a mystic sort of tune, and those big yellow flowers—sun-flowers, do they call them? Well, these flowers, it would appear,

are sacred to the worship. And the high priestess had hair like the rising sun."

"Like the rising sun on the sign-post, you mean," cried Nona excitedly; "it is very very rude of people to look over walls."

Miss Gibbins was nodding to the fattest, most bedecked and bejewelled lady on the premises. Nona rose with the rest.

"You are always laughing at me," said the girl, pouting and looking down.

"On the contrary, I am always admiring you, even when you think it rude."

"Mother," said Nona that night in their dingy little dining-room "dinners are very sensible things; I do hope I shall go to a great many dinners in my life."

"TOM," "BULL," "DOG," AND "JACK."

THE reader may ask in glancing at these words who and what are Tom, Bull, Dog, and Jack, and why they are found together as the title of this paper? I proceed to answer this very obvious question, and gratify his natural curiosity. These monosyllables, as distinguished from the words, representing Thomas, a man's name; Bull, the male of the bovine species; Dog, a hound; and Jack, a familiar name for John; and they occur frequently in colloquial English as adjectives to qualify the substantives which follow them. Tom Noddy, a fool; bulrush, a large reed or rush; dog-rose, a common wild rose without odour; and boot-jack, are familiar examples of the use of these epithets. If we turn for explanation of their meaning to the etymological dictionaries, from that of Dr. Samuel Johnson to those of a later time, to Latham, Stormonth, Webster, and Worcester, who fortunately for philology as a science, do not always follow where their great predecessor leads, we find that they either offer no explanations or guess at erroneous ones. If the Latin and Teutonic sources of the language throw no light upon the subject of the enquiries, they either present an etymology which only exists in their own imagination, or pass the words over as things of no moment, and not worth the trouble of investigation. This is, of course, a safer mode of procedure, or of non-procedure, than if they rashly ventured out of their depths in a vain attempt to explore a language which they either ignore or despise. They look afar off, but they do not look at the ground beneath them and around them. If the origin of a word be un-

usually obscure, they either travel to Arabia, or some further country, to find its root; and, if their research be fruitless, they call it an onomatopoeia! That settles all difficulties, and there they leave it.

Let us return to the first of the four monosyllables that have been cited at the head of this article as texts for a few philological remarks, and investigations which have not hitherto been made by any English lexicographer. And first of all of the prefix tom. Among the many colloquial and familiar words to which it serves as a prefix and qualification are: tom-cat, tom-fool, tom-noddy, tom-boy, tom-tit, tom-poker, tom-pin, tom-toe, tom-o'-Bedlam, tom-rig, tom-tailor, tom-piper, tom-tumbler, tom-sword.

All these are to be found either in the ordinary English dictionaries or in the excellent archaic and provincial glossaries of such industrious and learned antiquaries as Nares, Halliwell, and Wright. Turning to Johnson and his successors it will be found that Tom in Tom-cat is explained as Tom, an abbreviation of the Christian name Thomas, and that consequently Tom-cat is to be accepted as meaning a male or Thomas Cat. Tom-boy, in like manner, if Tom is to be considered an abbreviation of Thomas and equivalent to male, would signify a male boy, which is an absurd and needless repetition. Rig is an old word for a girl, so that according to this interpretation Tom-rig would signify a male girl! In Shadwell's play of the Sullen Lovers, 1670, the word occurs in the following passage: "But in the plays which have been wrote of late there is no such thing as perfect character, but the two chief persons are most commonly a swearing, drinking ruffian for a lover, and an ill-bred, impudent tom-rig for a mistress." Here the word tom is very certainly not an abbreviation of Thomas, but an epithet applied to a woman. If Tom were indeed synonymous with male, Tom-fool would signify male-fool, tom-poker a male poker, tom-pin a male pin, and tom-toe a male toe; explanations that are manifestly untenable. What then is the proper etymology of the syllable Tom in all these instances? It is to be found in the Celtic or Gaelic, the language spoken by the aboriginal possessors of the British islands before Roman, Saxon, or Dane, ever set foot on the soil, or imposed their laws and observances, and a portion of their speech, on the first inhabitants. A language which nearly all English philologists have agreed to ignore, and of

which Johnson, in the intensity of his ignorance of it, spoke with contempt as jargon and gibberish.

The root of this unclassical English word is the Celtic *tom*—a hill, a mound, a heap, a tumulus, and by parity and extension of meaning great, large, big, or anything bulky, great, or big. Hence *tom-toe* is the big toe, *tom-cat* is a big cat, *tom-fool* is a big fool, *tom-foolery* is great foolery, and *tom-poker* is a great poker, *tom-tailor* is a great spider, vulgarly called daddy long-legs—tailor being a provincial and once very common word for a spider, the idea being derived apparently from the web or cloth which the intelligent creature spins to aid it in entrapping its food. Thus in none of the words above cited has *tom* any reference to masculinity, but simply to size. Even *tom-tit*, a wren or small bird, is a tit of a larger bulk than the ordinary species, and *tom-noddy* is a larger noddy (or fool) than is commonly met with. *Tom-piper* is the great or principal piper at a fair or other festive gathering, and *tom-tumbler* is the great and principal clown or acrobat of a popular entertainment. *Tom-sword*, which Nares erroneously prints as *ton-sword*, is a large sword. Not knowing or suspecting the real meaning of *tom*, he derives the word from the one-handed or "t'one sword."

In an old and favourite game of cards called "gleek," now obsolete, the knave of trumps was called *tom*, because that card was the greatest, and conquered every other.

The next syllable we have to investigate is *bull*, which occurs as a prefix in a variety of English words. Among others *bull-dog*, *bull-rush*, *bull-frog*, *bull's-eyes*, *bull-finch*, *bull-trout*, *bull-beggar*, *bull-fly*, *bull-weed*, *bull-wort*, *bull-speaking*, and in the common vulgarism for an Englishman *John Bull*, and the American phrase of commendation "*Bully for you!*"

Etymologists teach us that *bull* in these examples is derived from "*bull*," a large, fine animal, well known and highly esteemed in all countries, and that *bull-rush* is so called because it is large and fine, as a *bull* is. In this instance the etymologists have stumbled upon half the truth without understanding it or knowing that the word *bull* is applied to the male of the cow—the *taureau* of the French, the *taurus* of the Latin—as an adjective, not a substantive, from the Celtic "*buile*," fine, large, handsome, comely, beautiful. The name *bull* was adopted by the Anglo-Saxons from the Celtic in the infancy of the English

language, because it was descriptive of the appearance of the animal, which in Celtic was called "*tarbh*." The Teutonic "*ochs*" in after-time was enlarged to *bullocks*—half Celtic, half Saxon—fine large oxen. *Bull-dog* is not so named from *taurus* or *tarbh*, but because as a dog it is large and fine. *Bull-frog*, *bull-finch*, *bull-trout*, and *bull-fly* receive their names from the same idea of large and fine, and not because there is or can be any similarity even in fancy between a frog, a bird, a fish, and an insect, and the mate of a bovine female. *Bull-beggar* is a term of opprobrium applied to a mendicant because he is hale, strong, and well made, and ought to be ashamed, being well able to work, to prefer beggary to labour.

The phrase "*bull-speaking*," according to Nares, signifies boastful language. In Boone's Northern Lasse occurs the passage: "Why what a bullfinch this is! Sure 'tis his language they call *bull-speaking*." That is to say, very loud, fine talk.

"*Bull's-eyes*," the name of a sweetmeat which is a great favourite with children, is not derived from the animal bull or from its eyes, but is a corruption of the Celtic "*buile-suig*," which with the elision of the guttural, of which the English language is intolerant, and which Englishmen find so difficult to pronounce and always avoid if they can, becomes "*builsui*," fine or beautiful to suck. In America a violoncello is called sometimes a *tom-fiddle*, and sometimes a *bull-fiddle*; *bull-nut* is a large hickory nut; *bull-briar* is a large wild briar; and *bull-horse* is a fine large horse.

"*Bully for you*," the expressive American phrase of congratulation or commendation to a person who has been fortunate, or who has succeeded in a great achievement, is from the same source: "*Buile*" or "*Bully for you*" (i.e., fine for you).

"*John Bull*," as suggested by a correspondent to the author of the Gaelic Etymology of the English and Lowland Scotch, and the languages of Western Europe, is merely another term for *John Buile*, the French, *beau* or *bel*: *John* the handsome, the strong, the well-built. In this sense the word would be a compliment to the manly character of the Englishman; whereas, if the comparison be to the ox or bull, the phrase would be the reverse of respectful.

Our next word is *dog*, which, as a prefix, or adjective, is clearly traceable to the Celtic. When the word *dog* first crept into English, and replaced the Anglo-Saxon *hound*—the "*hund*" of the German—is not easy to determine. It appears,

however, to be of comparatively modern origin, and finds no place in very early English. Dog and dogged appear in Mr. Herbert Coleridge's Dictionary of the Oldest Words in the English Language, dating from the semi-Saxon period from A.D. 1250 to 1300. Dog, on its first introduction into the English tongue at whatever period that may have been, and which there is now no possibility of tracing, appears to have been always used as a word of contempt, hatred, or opprobrium. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" "An ugly dog." "An ungrateful dog." "A dogged disposition." All these phrases express or imply disapprobation of the animal or person so designated. The word thus employed was in all probability first applied to curs, tykes, mongrels, and animals of low degree, and not to valuable thoroughbreds that were highly esteemed, either for their beauty or their utility. It had its origin in the Celtic "dogh," abbreviated from do-agartaich, quarrelsome and surly; docair or dogair, sullen, intractable, ill-natured, coarse, disagreeable; doganta, wild, vulgar, rough; doghra (Irish Gaelic), dull, stupid, coarse, common. Bearing these Celtic words in mind, we come to the conclusion that the prefix dog has no connexion with the name of the noble and affectionate animal, who, if he could boast otherwise than by a wag of his honest tail, might affirm that he was not alone the friend, but the favourite of man, and deserved to be so for his many estimable moral qualities.

The following words, some of them archaic and provincial, but most of them in familiar use, are compounded of this prefix and a noun: Dog-rose, dog-daisy, dog-violet, dog-wood, dog-fennell, dog-bee, dog-fish, dog-lichen, dog-hook, dog-cabbage, dog-wheat, dog-grass, dog-trick, dog-Latin, doggrel.

If instead of "dog," the adjectives rough, rude, common, coarse, inferior, and others wholly or nearly synonymous, be prefixed to the noun or quality indicated by the word, it will be found that the sense will be truly rendered. If this be so, the English language must have adopted the word from the Celtic, and could not have borrowed so inappropriate a word, as dog in the Anglo-Saxon sense would be if synonymous with hound. A dog-bee, for instance, is a drone—a coarse, common, inferior bee that makes no honey. A dog-fish is a fish unfit for culinary purposes on account of its coarseness. A dog-cabbage

is a cabbage only in appearance, and not edible. Dog-wheat is a coarse, wheat-like grass that yields no available grain. A dog-trick is a common, obvious, coarse trick easily seen through. Dog-Latin is coarse, rough, irregular Latin intermixed with barbarous and unpermissible foreign words such as are not to be found in Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, Cæsar, Cicero, Ovid, and Tacitus, and other recognised Latin authors. Doggerel, in like manner, is verse, having nothing of poetry about it but the form of rhythm and rhyme—base, barbarous, coarse, irregular, "detested of gods and men."

The last of our four words, "Jack," would at first sight appear to be a familiar abbreviation of John, and to be applied in that sense. It occurs in jack-tar, roasting-jack, boot-jack, jack-of-all-trades, jack-boots, jackey (gin); jack, part of the machinery of a lock and of a pianoforte; jack, an engine for raising heavy weights; jack-knife, jack-towel, black-jack.

In some instances where the word occurs, such as jackass, jackdaw, jack-an-apes, jack-a-lent, jack-pudding, it is manifestly derived from Jack, the familiar name for John; but in the examples above cited the true etymology is to be found in the Celtic or Gaelic deagh (d before the vowels e and i is pronounced j). Deagh (or jeagh), the Kymric da, signifies good, fit, appropriate, excellent, well. A jack-tar is a good sailor, a roasting-jack is an instrument fit, appropriate, or good for the purpose of roasting. A jack-of-all-trades is one fit to turn his hand to anything useful; a jack-knife is a good, useful, and large knife; a boot-jack is good to pull off boots. Jackey, a slang word for English gin, means also strong ale, and among children a species of sweatmeat, and is in all these cases synonymous with something good; as the French call a sweatmeat a bon-bon, or as the Scotch call them goodies. Black-jack is an old name for a large bottle of black leather, good to hold beer and other liquors. Beaumont and Fletcher have preserved the words: "There is a Dead Sea of drink in the cellar in which goodly vessels lie wrecked, and in the middle of this deluge appear the tops of flagons and black-jacks, like churches drowned in the marshes."

Jack is a name applied to the little hammers that struck the strings, obedient to the touch, on the virginals and harpsichords that preceded the pianoforte, and is applied to the similar instruments in the pianoforte itself. Shakespeare, in the one

hundred and twenty-eighth sonnet of the series attributed to him, says of his love playing on the virginal that he envies

Those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
While my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers—me thy lips to kiss.

Jack is a word that was applied to the figures that struck the hours upon church clocks in towers and steeples, such as that which many persons yet living may remember to have seen on old St. Dunstan's, near Temple Bar, a counterfeit resemblance of which still ornaments the front of a well-known watchmaker's shop in Cheapside. The word, thus employed, no more represents the familiar name of Jack for John than the jacks of the virginals. It may be remarked before we conclude that Jack, as the familiar name for John, appears to be founded on a mistake, and that it originally signified James, and not John, from the French Jacques. If in any of the instances above cited James, the English for Jacques, was substituted, such compounds as boot-james for boot-jack, roasting-james for roasting-jack, or james-towel for jack-towel, would be so ridiculous as to arrest the attention of the most careless English philologists, and compel them to seek elsewhere than in John and Jack for the origin of a word that, like all others, had a sensible meaning when first used, though its true sense, owing to the very composite character of the English language, has been lost in the lapse of ages.

SET IN A SILVER SEA.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE STATUE IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

"I RE-OPEN my diary. I am in a land of wonders.

"Two years have elapsed since my conversation with Margaret Sylvester, when I believed I had completed the chain which surrounds the lives of Evangeline, Margaret, Clarice, and Harold. But much was hidden from me which I had no expectation would ever be disclosed. I was in absolute ignorance of the circumstances and condition of the sisters whom Harold's treachery had torn from each other's arms. I had then no intention of continuing this record; but events have occurred, and a discovery I have made (which shall in its

proper place be set down) is in its nature and possibilities so startling, that I shall find relief in imparting my secrets to a companion to whom I can talk, and in whom I can confide with unreserved confidence. These white pages will not betray me.

"The friendship sealed between Joseph Sylvester and myself has endured, and appears likely to endure. He is growing into manhood, and those qualities in him for which I gave him credit as a lad—such as faithfulness and determination of purpose—have developed in strength; they are part of his nature. He is not too free with his tongue—a decided merit. Loquacity is ever dangerous. I have tested Joseph Sylvester, have given him tasks to perform, have walked in the woods with him, and have studied his character, aware the while that he was studying mine in his quiet way. He is not a blind follower; he has opinions of his own. There is but one person whom he would blindly obey—Evangeline. His will is subordinate to her lightest whim. It would be a cruel test were she, in a moment of waywardness, to call upon him for a foolhardy proof of love; he would give it without remonstrance. He is weak only where Evangeline is concerned; it will be well for both if she uses her power with tenderness and wisdom.

"My white doves fly now between valley and mountain. Evangeline calls them her white angels. The idea was mine, and the children entered into it with delight. A pigeon-house was built on the roof of Margaret Sylvester's dwelling, and Joseph and I had no difficulty in training the pigeons to fly to and fro. Thus the children and I are in constant communication, and many a weary hour has been beguiled by watching the pretty messengers conveying messages of love under their wings to those who are dear to me. Threads of love between valley and mountain, invisible air-lines stretching from heart to heart.

"From the top of my mountain I can see far over the sea, and my message sometimes runs, 'A ship is making for the Silver Isle.' The news is conveyed to the inhabitants of the isle, and in this way I am enabled to render them a small service. It occurs to me occasionally that I owe them that which I can never repay. This Silver Isle is theirs, and they have allowed me to live here in peace. That the service is rendered in the name of Mauvain does

not lessen the obligation. True, they did not receive me with open arms, but I had no right to expect it. In no other part of the world could I have lived my life free and untrammelled, at liberty to come and go, and surrounded by peace and plenty. I thank them for it from my heart. Churl that I am, it would be difficult for me to express my thanks in spoken words. I lack the generous impulse; my nature has been warped.

"The children call me, 'the Master of the Mountain.' A little while after my pigeons had been taught their duty I received the following message, in Joseph Sylvester's handwriting:

"'Evangeline's love, and Gabrielle's, and Joseph's, to Ranf, their friend. Grandfather Matthew wishes to see the Master of the Mountain. He will be at its foot an hour before sunrise to-morrow.'

"At the hour named I was at the appointed place, and found Matthew Sylvester awaiting me.

"He and his grandson bear a close resemblance to each other. If Joseph's good qualities are inherited from his grandfather, then is Matthew Sylvester a man to be trusted. Sincerity and honesty of purpose are depicted in his face; it is not a mask to hide the secret thought. He and his son Paul are cunning fishermen. They have a boat for deep-sea fishing, and I often watch it from the heights when it is far out at sea.

"Matthew Sylvester came straight to the point.

"'I wish to speak with you,' he said, 'about my daughter Margaret, and her sister Clarice.'

"'At Margaret Sylvester's desire?' I asked.

"'No,' he replied; 'of my own prompting.'

"'I am ready to listen,' I said.

"'And to deal frankly with me?'

"'In what way?'

"'In open speech.'

"'That is as it may be,' I said. 'A man must judge for himself how far it is prudent to speak openly.'

"'There is no danger with me,' he rejoined. 'In what passes between us now we shall be travelling the same road—the road which leads to the happiness and peace of mind of those we love.'

"'Admitting as much,' I said, guardedly, 'even that we have the same goal in view, it may happen that we have cross purposes to serve. Then, discovering that our interests are conflicting, we should not be slow

to take advantage of words uttered in such a conversation as this. Remember, it is not of my seeking.'

"'True,' he said, with a smile of much sweetness; 'but is it necessary always to dive beneath the surface in search of suspicious motives?'

"'A man must be guided by his experiences; I am guided by mine.'

"'You have no reason to mistrust me?'

"'No more reason than I have to trust you.'

"I was aware that, in adopting this tone, I was not meeting Matthew Sylvester in the spirit with which he approached me; but Evangeline was concerned in all that concerned Margaret and Clarice, and, although it placed me in an ungenerous light in the mind of such a man as he who stood before me, I preferred to err rather on the side of caution than of frankness. His next words put me to shame.

"'I am unreasonable,' he said gently; 'it was not to be expected that you should open your heart to a stranger simply for the asking. Even if I held out the hand of friendship to you, I could not expect you to accept it without questioning my motive. The fault is on my side; if I desired your friendship I should have sought it earlier. I come to you now on behalf of my daughter Margaret, who is very dear to me, and I shall be plain and truthful with you, concealing nothing. I take it that you and I stand upon equal ground; we have seen the world and served our time, and care but little for ourselves. We have found our species forgetful of favours, ready to vilify, eager to condemn. It is said that old age is selfish; naturally; but it is not as selfish as youth. The young are forgetful; the old remember. Entranced by the light and fresh beauty of life, the young think only of themselves, of their own joys and sorrows and ambitions. They live to learn, as we have lived to learn; in the meantime let us who have fought and been wounded in the fight, endeavour to protect our young from unnecessary sorrow.'

"There was a singular fascination in Matthew Sylvester's manner, and I could not help being won by it. I inwardly resolved to meet him in a franker spirit; but neither to him nor any man on the isle would I disclose the heart of my secret respecting Evangeline. He continued:

"'Those are happiest to whom knowledge comes late; they have more time to enjoy. But some taste the bitterness of

life in their springtime. My daughter Margaret was one of these. When life should have been fairest for her it was darkened by a sorrow which exists at this hour, although many years have passed since it was inflicted. This sorrow is associated with her sister Clarice, whose name you only of all the inhabitants of this isle have uttered in her hearing. She has dwelt upon the circumstance with the tenacity of a very tenacious and constant nature, and she believes you had a reason for speaking to her about her sister.

"I had a reason," I replied. "It was partly to confirm a suspicion that was in my mind."

"Partly," repeated Matthew Sylvester, with a quickness which showed how deeply he himself was interested; "then it was not wholly your purpose?"

"No, it was not wholly my purpose."

"A woman who is in the habit of brooding over a subject in which her affections are involved has strange fancies. You have been in our market-place, and seen the statue there."

"Yes."

"It is the statue of that Evangeline whose tragic death occurred on the mountain upon which you dwell. Margaret, when she first beheld the statue fancied it resembled her sister Clarice. But that, of course, was impossible."

"I repeated his words mechanically, 'That, of course, was impossible;' but my thoughts belied them."

"Is the name of the sculptor known?" I asked.

"No," replied Matthew Sylvester, "and the story goes that when, at the instance of the captain of a brig which traded to this isle, the commission was given, the likeness of one of our fairest maids was handed to him as a model for the sculptor to work upon; and that, when the statue was delivered and set up in the market-place it was seen that the sculptor had worked from a model of his own."

"The story is new to me," I said; "I cannot see the connection between the statue and Clarice."

"Does it, to your mind, bear any resemblance to Margaret's sister?"

"I saw her but once, and I have paid no particular attention to the statue."

"You have led a life of adventure, I understand. You must have some sympathy with the life led by Margaret and Clarice—led, also, by myself and my son. Ah, I sometimes think of the old days with a

strange yearning, hard as they were! When you met Clarice, Margaret was with her."

"No; Clarice was alone. I admit that I was not truthful when I told Margaret Sylvester that I had seen her in the company of her sister. Moreover, I do not know even now what kind of life the sisters led."

"They were dancers, singers, performers in small comedies, wandering from village to village, playing to humble folk who gave them honest welcome. While their father lived their life was a happy one, but when he died"—Matthew Sylvester made a sudden pause, and with a quick changing of his theme asked, "if Margaret was not with her sister when you met her, and you were not acquainted with their occupation, how did you know the girl you saw was Clarice?"

"The question almost took me off my guard, and I answered slowly, 'From evidence not to be doubted.'"

"Matthew Sylvester looked at me wistfully. 'I must not press you too hard; I have no right to demand a clearer explanation. You are aware that Clarice is dead.'"

"I started, and the movement did not escape his notice."

"When did you learn this?" I asked. "Lately?"

"No—many years ago."

"Since you have been on the Silver Isle?"

"No," he said, "I learnt it in the old land, before Margaret and my son were married."

"These words opened a new chapter in the mystery which enveloped the life of Clarice. It was but a short time before I, with Evangeline and Harold, set sail for the Silver Isle that I had given shelter to Clarice in my mother's hut and was witness of her grief. I was now as anxious to hear what it was in Matthew Sylvester's power to impart to me as he was to hear what I could impart to him, and at my request he related to me the story of the lives of Margaret and Clarice. It deeply moved me. He told me of the love existing between the sisters, of the passionate devotion of Margaret for Clarice, of their happy days while their father lived, of his dying and leaving them in the power of a man who used them cruelly, of Margaret's protection of Clarice, of the last night the sisters saw each other, and the strange impressions left upon Margaret's mind when she and Clarice fell asleep in the room in which their master was gambling with

two gentlemen (in one of whom I saw Harold as plainly as though he stood at my side), of Margaret's terror in the morning when she awoke and found her sister gone, of the pursuit of Clarice and its failure, of Margaret's agony when the news flashed upon her that she and Clarice had been betrayed, of her keeping with her master, enduring misery and want, and travelling with him in the hope that one day she would find her sister, of the gradual fading of her hope, of the meeting in the woods of Margaret and Matthew Sylvester, of her release from tyranny and suffering, of the news of Clarice's death furnished for a consideration by the man who had torn the sisters from each other's arms, and lastly of the marriage of Margaret and Matthew's son, and their departure for the Silver Isle.

"This story, related in simple language by Matthew Sylvester, made everything clear to me; nothing was wanting to complete the villainy of the plot. Clarice had been deliberately sold and deliberately bought, and the sisters had been taken opposite roads on false promises, and separated from each other so effectually that nothing short of a miracle could have brought them together again. My respect for Margaret was strengthened, as was my detestation for Harold, the gentleman who lived for the pleasure of the hour; and I vowed inwardly that if the opportunity ever offered itself, I would avenge the wrongs of the sisters without mercy or pity.

"In return for the confidence Matthew Sylvester had reposed in me I imparted to him something of my own life in the forest owned by Mauvain, of the storm, and the appeal for shelter by a lady and her servant, and of my learning the following day that the lady's name was Clarice. I recalled the conversation that took place between the servant and myself—a conversation which, if words had meaning, defined in unmistakable terms Clarice's social position. I said nothing of Evangeline, nor of Clarice's lament for the child she had lost.

"Describe the lady to me," said Matthew.

"I did so, faithfully, and his remarks left no doubt upon my mind (but truly there was room for none, all the parts of the story fitting so exactly) that the lady was indeed Clarice, Margaret's unfortunate sister.

"One point still remains," said Matthew; "the date of the meeting between you and this lady."

"I fixed the date by my arrival on the

Silver Isle, and Matthew Sylvester's face became indescribably sad.

"We were deceived," he said; "Clarice lived—perhaps lives—a life of shame." He paused before he spoke again. "Thus do we lose our faith in goodness! Were Margaret's faith in her sister's purity to be shaken, I can imagine no grief more terrible than hers would be. The very name of Clarice is to her an emblem of purity."

"Then arose within me, in vindication of the unfortunate girl, the true history of her betrayal, known only to me and her and Harold, as related in her confession in the Bible, and I felt that it would be a stain upon my manhood if I did not speak in her behalf.

"Listen," I said, "and do not question me as to the means by which I obtained my knowledge. Clarice is innocent. What is pure is pure; no laws formed by man, from motives of policy or convenience, can affect the immutable. There are principles of right and wrong which results cannot twist or modify by the breadth of a hair. In the eyes of Heaven (a convenient phrase to express my meaning) Clarice, when I met her, was a pure woman. That what is clear in supreme judgment is not clear in man's matters little to me, and should matter little to any human being whose mind is not the slave of convenient custom. When cunning and innocence meet, and innocence is betrayed, I know at which door lies the guilt, and, if there be a higher than earthly justice, which will be adjudged the sinner and which the saint."

"How shall we convey comfort to Marguerite," said Matthew, "when she learns the story of her sister's shame?"

"Let her never learn it," I replied. "Let her rest in the belief that Clarice is dead. It is best so. Do not convey a new unhappiness to one who has already had more than her share of suffering."

"So it was agreed between us, and we parted.

"Within a week of this interview I walked at midnight into the great marketplace of the isle, and waited for the moon to rise. Not a sound disturbed the stillness; the land was in darkness; the islanders were at rest. It was as though a dead world lay in the arms of an eternal night.

"I stood before the statue of Evangeline unable, in the deep gloom which prevailed, to discern the features or the moulding of the limbs. I fancied I saw a figure move in the darkness; I advanced towards it,

and it glided away. I believed it to be a creation of the dark clouds which moved slowly across the sky.

"Again and again was I deceived, and I determined not to yield to the mental jugglery. In due time the moon arose, and the white statue of Evangeline stood out in the clear light, a work of transcendent beauty. The raised hand, in the act of listening, the inclined head, the smile on its lips, were life-like. Different as was the aspect under which I had seen Clarice in my mother's hut—in the life expressive of despair, in the stone expressive of gladness—I recognised the likeness. It was Clarice. Harold had done his work well. A great artist—and a villain!

"Yet in admiration I gazed upon the perfect work, representing a maid who two centuries ago had been led to death by love's betrayal. Had any other than Harold been the sculptor, I could have kissed the naked feet and worshipped the hand that shaped them.

"Suddenly I heard a voice.

"'She lives!'

"Who spoke? Spirit or mortal?

"Mortal—and she stood by my side, a woman, with a weird smile on a face that once was beautiful, that was beautiful now, even in its ghastliness, with the pallid light of the moon shining on it.

"She was fantastically dressed in patches of colour; flowers were in her hair; her eyes were blue and wandering; her hands were never still.

"Had a spirit appeared to me I should have been less surprised.

"'She lives!' repeated the woman. 'I did not think any knew it but I, but you are in the secret. Are you a man? You don't look like it. When the people are about she is dead; when they sleep she lives. See—we are alike.'

"She put out a white and bleeding foot, and seeing blood-marks on the earth, stooped and wiped them up with her

dress. It may be that I gave her a pitying look, for she said, still smiling:

"'It does not hurt. There are worse pains. My baby is dead. I will show you her grave.'

"Her hand grasped mine, and without force I could not have released it.

"'Good-night,' she said to the statue; 'I will come again.'

"Unresistingly I allowed her to lead me the way she wished to go, and on the road she talked to the trees, and the fields, and the clouds, which were now gathering and obscuring the light. We walked for fully a mile, and when it was quite dark she said:

"'Tell me. Is it a sin to love?'

"'No.' I had no other answer to give.

"'You are not a man,' she retorted, 'for you do not answer as others do. It is a sin to love, and I have loved and sinned. So they say. If my baby had lived I should not have cared; I should have laughed in their faces. Hush! I hear her crying!'

"The wind was wailing. A storm was rising.

"'Come quickly. She is crying because I have been away from her so long!'

"I had no heart to gainsay her, and she led me into a desolate valley, some distance from the houses of the islanders, and stopped before a little mound of earth covered with wild flowers.

"'They would not bury her with the others,' she said, kneeling by the grave. 'I was glad. I have her all to myself. Hush, darling! Mother is with you!'

"She took no further notice of me, and I, not knowing what else to do, left her by her baby's grave, which she kissed and talked to as if it was her baby's face.

"So. Even in this peaceful isle sin and shame and love, and love's betrayal, find their way into human life. Thus will it ever be in lands where mortals live and die."

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